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new universe™

D.P.7

TWILIGHT™ HUNGERS...

new universe

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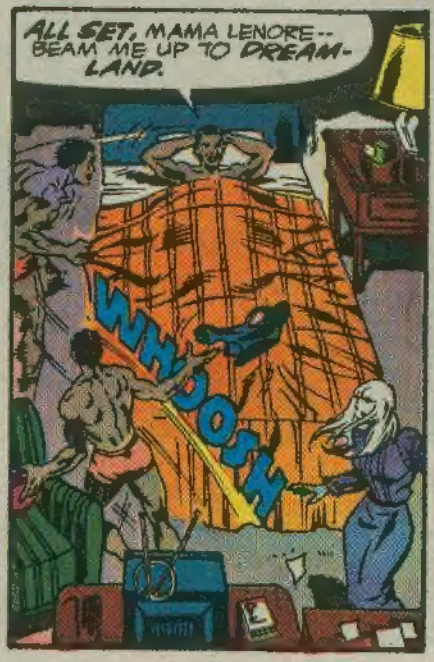
HAVE A SEAT. WAN'T SOME POPCORN-- IT'S JIFFY POP, WHAT ELSE?
SINCE WHEN DO YOU KEEP THE DOOR LOCKED, JEFFREY?

WELL, EVER SINCE THE BLACK POWERS GOT TOGETHER AN' I REFUSED TO JOIN 'EM... WELL, I JUST SLEEP SOUNDER WITH THE DOOR LOCKED.
I FIGURE THEY'RE THE ONES WHO MESSED UP THOSE TWO GUARDS THE OTHER WEEK...
SOMETHING WRONG?

OH... NO.

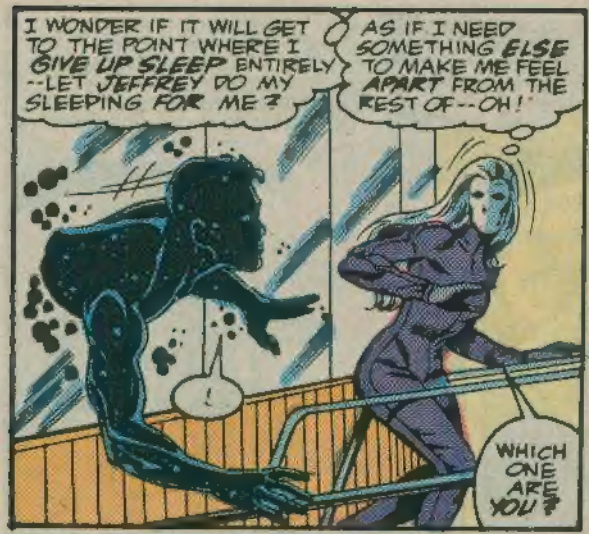
I'M JUST NOT FOND OF HORROR MOVIES. IF.. IF YOU'RE NOT READY TO RETIRE YET, I CAN COME BACK.
NAW, THAT'S OKAY. I KNOW HOW IT ALL ENDS ANYWAY. I'LL TURN IT OFF.

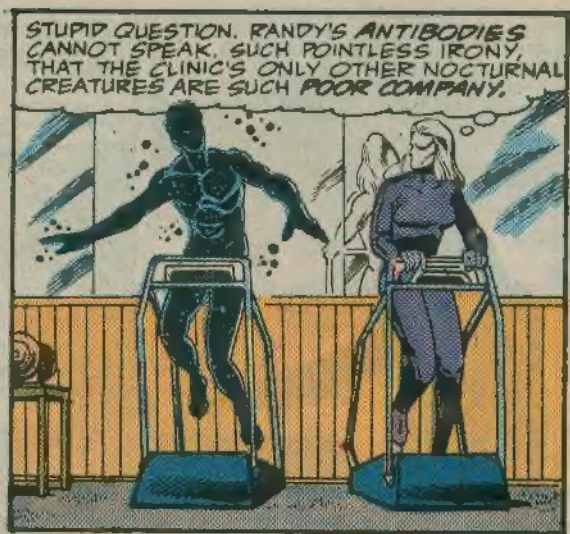
VAMPIRES.. WHAT A REPULSIVE LEGEND THEY ARE.


ALL SET, MAMA LENORE-- BEAM ME UP TO DREAM-LAND.
WHOOSH

VERY WELL.

THE SEDATIVE LUMINESCENCE OF MY "TWILIGHT EFFECT" IS PERHAPS THE ONLY NON-PHARMACEUTICAL WAY TO REDUCE THE EXTRANEOUS MOTION CAUSED BY JEFFREY'S PARANORMAL METABOLISM...
WITHOUT ME, HE WOULD BE UNABLE TO STAY ASLEEP FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR BEFORE HIS OWN BODY AWAKENED HIM...
MMMMMM...
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN DOING THIS FOR HIM? MONTHS? A YEAR? OVER A YEAR! SOAKING UP HIS YOUTHFUL ENERGIES WITH THE BLOTTER OF MY OWN AGED FORM...
ZZZZZZZZZ...
THE SENSATION OF VITALITY I DERIVE FROM HIM MAKES MY BLOOD POUND, MY SKIN TINGLE, MY HEAD SWOON! HIS METABOLIC ENERGIES ARE EXHILARATING!
THIS IS TRULY THE HIGH POINT OF MY DAY, WHEN I FEEL MOST ALIVE!
WHAT...? I FEEL SO GIDDY, ALMOST DRUNKEN--!
OOOH, I MUST HAVE REALLY GOTTEN CARRIED AWAY! CAN'T CATCH MY BREATH-- I FEEL LIKE I'M BURSTING WITH ENERGY!
I HAVEN'T FELT THIS GOOD FOR FORTY-- MAYBE FIFTY--YEARS.
ONCE AGAIN I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP UNTIL I'VE WORKED OFF SOME OF THIS NERVOUS ENERGY!
THE CLINIC BASEMENT...
EVERY NIGHT, THESE GYMNASIUM WORKOUTS GET LONGER. HOW MUCH SLEEP DO I GET THESE DAYS? TWO... MAYBE THREE HOURS?


I WONDER IF IT WILL GET TO THE POINT WHERE I GIVE UP SLEEP ENTIRELY --LET JEFFREY DO MY SLEEPING FOR ME?
AS IF I NEED SOMETHING ELSE TO MAKE ME FEEL APART FROM THE REST OF--OH!
WHICH ONE ARE YOU?


STUPID QUESTION. RANDY'S ANTIBODIES CANNOT SPEAK. SUCH POINTLESS IRONY, THAT THE CLINIC'S ONLY OTHER NOCTURNAL CREATURES ARE SUCH POOR COMPANY.

WHAT'S IT DOING? THAT TREADMILL IS NOT ON. IT SEEMS THE CREATURE IS MIMICKING ME--IN JEST, IT WOULD SEEM.

THE ANTIBODY IS REPUTEDLY COMPOSED OF SOME UNKNOWN FORM OF ENERGY. I WONDER...

!!!
--IF IT IS SUSCEPTIBLE TO MY FORM OF ENERGY?

IT APPARENTLY DID NOT LIKE WHAT I WAS DOING. I MUST HAVE AFFECTED IT A BIT... I FEEL ANOTHER SURGE OF ENERGY COURSING THROUGH ME.

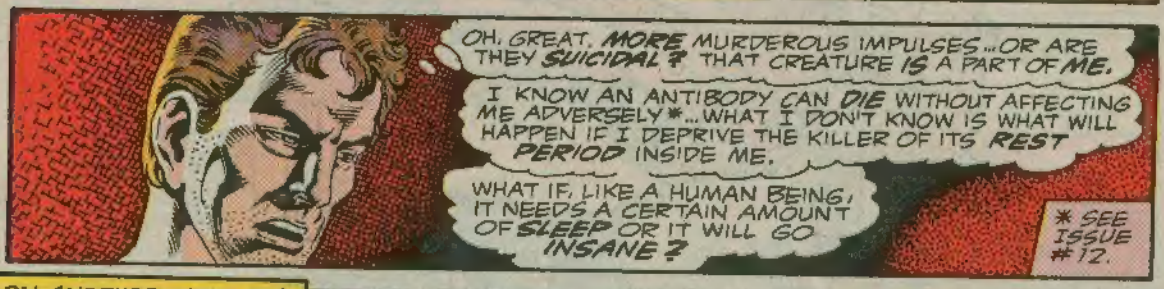
STILL, I CAN SENSE THAT THESE CREATURES ARE A POOR SUBSTITUTE FOR HUMAN ENERGY... THEY DO NOT SATISFY NEARLY AS MUCH.
LISTEN TO ME. I SOUND LIKE A WINE CONNOISSEUR, COMPARING VINTAGES! HA HA!

ELSEWHERE...
STOP IT! STOP! YOU'RE KILLING HER!
RANDY-- AHGGKUKUKUK!
STOP-- ?
BLAST-- ANOTHER LOUSY NIGHTMARE. EVER SINCE ONE OF MY ANTIBODIES MURDERED SOMEONE-- *
*ISSUE #13.
--I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET A FULL NIGHT'S SLEEP.
NOW IT'S CHARLY I'M KILLING OFF IN MY DREAMS. DOESN'T TAKE FREUD TO FIGURE THAT ONE OUT.
I'M TRYING TO GET RID OF THE GUILT I FEEL... ABOUT DUMPING ON CHARLY WHEN SHE CAME ON TO ME THE OTHER WEEK... *
I TELL MYSELF I DID THE RIGHT THING BY TELLING HER STRAIGHT OUT HOW I FELT ABOUT HER INSTEAD OF LEADING HER ON...
*LAST ISSUE.
...BUT I STILL FEEL LIKE A WORLD-CLASS HEEL.
"I... I WONDER IF DREAMING ABOUT HURTING CHARLY WILL GIVE THE KILLER ANTIBODY ANY IDEAS?
"MY THERAPIST INSISTS I WASN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR DEXTER CHARNE'S DEATH--
--EVEN THOUGH IT WAS MY BODY THAT CREATED THE ANTIBODIES AND MY MIND THEIR MINDS ARE PATTERNED AFTER.
SHE SAYS MY ANTIBODIES ACT OUT MY SUBCONSCIOUS IMPULSES, THAT I COULD NO SOONER CONTROL THEM THAN I COULD MAKE MY EGO, SUPEREGO, AND ID BE SOMETHING THEY'RE NOT.
WHEN THE ANTIBODY SAW CHARNE THREATEN OTHERS' LIVES, IT ACTED ON THE IMPULSE TO KILL HIM. WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS NOW THAT IT'S TASTED BLOOD, WILL IT--HUH?
YOU!

HOW DARE YOU COME NEAR ME, YOU BLACK BLOT?
IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LET YOU SNEAK INSIDE ME WHEN MY BACK IS TURNED, GUESS AGAIN, KILLER!

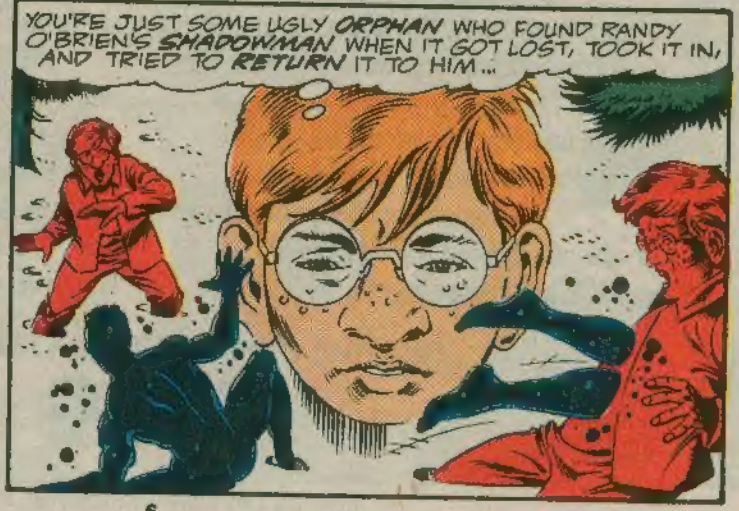
I REFUSE TO WILLINGLY SHARE YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS-- LET YOU REST IN ME!
!

I INTEND TO SEE YOU DEAD, KILLER! HEAR ME? DEAD!


OH, GREAT. MORE MURDEROUS IMPULSES...OR ARE THEY SUICIDAL? THAT CREATURE IS A PART OF ME.
I KNOW AN ANTIBODY CAN DIE WITHOUT AFFECTING ME ADVERSELY*...WHAT I DON'T KNOW IS WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF I DEPRIVE THE KILLER OF ITS REST PERIOD INSIDE ME.
WHAT IF, LIKE A HUMAN BEING, IT NEEDS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF SLEEP OR IT WILL GO INSANE?
* SEE ISSUE #12.

ON ANOTHER WING ON THE SAME FLOOR...
SURE WISH I HAD SOME NEW COMICS-- I MUSTA READ EVERY ONE IN THIS STACK A HUNNERT TIMES.
IF ONLY I HAD THE GUTS TO SNEAK OUTTA HERE TO GET SOME...

UH-UH. I DON'T DARE. IF I GOT CAUGHT, SOMEBODY MIGHT START ASKIN' QUESTIONS. LIKE, "WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' IN THE CLINIC, EVAN HUEBNER. YOU AIN'T A PARANORMAL."


YOU'RE JUST SOME UGLY ORPHAN WHO FOUND RANDY O'BRIEN'S SHADOWMAN WHEN IT GOT LOST, TOOK IT IN, AND TRIED TO RETURN IT TO HIM...

"HE TOLD ME HOW TO GET TO THE CLINIC, BUT BY THE TIME WE MADE IT HERE, THE SHADOWMAN WAS SO SICK AN' WEAK THAT IT JUST DRIFTED APART LIKE SMOKE!"
*ISSUE 10.
MR. VOIST SAID I COULD STAY HERE A WHILE. HE WANTED TO SEE WHY THE SHADOWMAN TOOK A SHINE TO ME AN' NOBODY ELSE. BUT SINCE MR. VOIST LEFT THE CLINIC, I'VE KINDA BEEN FORGOTTEN ABOUT...
SURE'S BEEN LONELY, BUT AT LEAST NO ONE'S PICKIN' ON ME LIKE AT THE ORPHANAGE.
GOLLEE, I WISH I HAD THE SHADOWMAN BACK. HE WAS THE NEATEST, BESTEST FRIEND I EVER HAD!
I KNOW HE'S NOT REALLY DEAD! I ONCE SAW HIM ZOOMIN' DOWN THE HALL! BY THE TIME I CALLED HIM, HE WENT THROUGH A WALL.
MAN, HOW I WISH--
SHADOWMAN!
?
YOU HEARD ME! YOU CAME BACK!
IT'S ME-- EVAN!
YOUR FRIEND! THE KID WHO BROUGHT YOU HERE!
?
COME ON AN' LET'S PLAY! YOU CAN READ MY COMICS--
--OR WE COULD-- HUH?
WAIT!
DON'T GO!
NUTS! HE ACTED LIKE HE DIDN'T KNOW ME. GUESS SOMETHIN' HAPPENED TO HIS BRAIN WHEN HE FADED OUT.
WELL, AT LEAST I GOT TO TALK TO HIM AN' HE KNOWS I'M HERE.
HE'LL BE BACK.

THE NEXT DAY...
HAVE YOU BEEN TO SEE STEPHANIE, DAVID?
YEAH. LAST NIGHT. SHE'S STILL QUITE OUT OF IT. THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY IMPROVEMENT.
HA! I JUST CAN'T GET OVER IT!
HOW DUMB CAN THIS JOINT BE-- LETTIN' YOU, A GUY WHO EATS HIS WEIGHT IN FOOD EVERY TWO DAYS-- WORK IN THE KITCHEN?!?
YOU WANT YOUR EGGS ON YOUR PLATE OR ON YOUR HEAD, SCUZZ?
ADMIT IT, AIN'T IT LIKE PUTTIN' A FOX IN CHARGE OF A HENHOUSE?
CRAK

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THEY GOT A NUTRITIONIST WORKIN' ON MY EATING PROBLEM.
--THEY GOT ME ON SOME KINDA SUPER-HIGH PROTEIN MILK-SHAKES.
HOW MANY O' THEM YOU TOSS DOWN IN A DAY?

MAN, THIS PLACE REALLY CRACKS ME UP SOME-TIMES.
I'D WIPE OFF THAT SMIRK, SCUZZ. YOU GO THROUGH CLOTHES THE WAY JEFF GOES THROUGH FOOD.

YOU'RE LOOKING RATHER PEAKED TODAY, RANDY. LATE HOURS AT THE INFIRMARY?
NO...SLEEPING PROBLEMS.

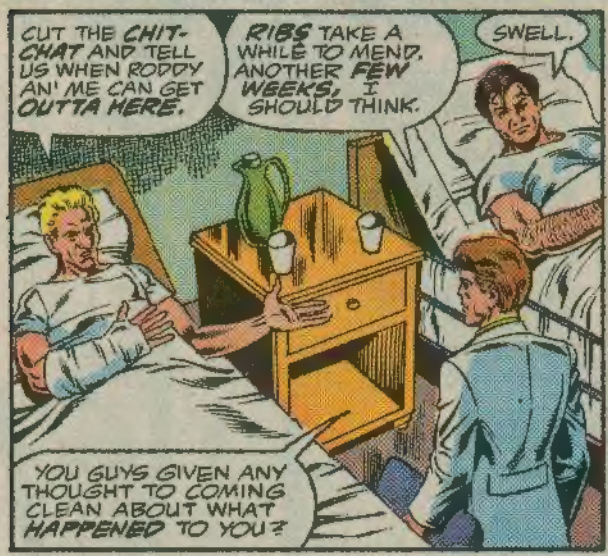
DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT HERE COMES THAT TRAITOR CHARLY AN' HER DOPEY BLACK POWERS GANG!
HMMM. WONDER WHERE THEY GOT THE MATCHING JACKETS?
IMAGINE THAT BROAD PREFERRIN' THEM TO US!

HA! CHARLY WON'T EVEN LOOK AT US NOW. BIG BLOW-HARDS--THEY ACT LIKE THEY RUN THE PLACE. I'D LIKE TO--HEY, WHERE YOU GOIN', RAND-DULL?
I'VE GOT ROUNDS TO MAKE.

IT'S BEEN AWKWARD FOR ALL OF US TO SEE CHARLY THESE DAYS, BUT RANDY BREAKS OUT INTO A SWEAT WHENEVER HE'S IN THE SAME ROOM AS HER.
SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED BETWEEN THEM AND HE'S NOT TELLING US...

SOON...
DO ME A FAVOR, HARPO, AND STAY OUT OF HERE.
SIVE CARE
YOU KNOW HOW YOU SPOOK MY PATIENTS.

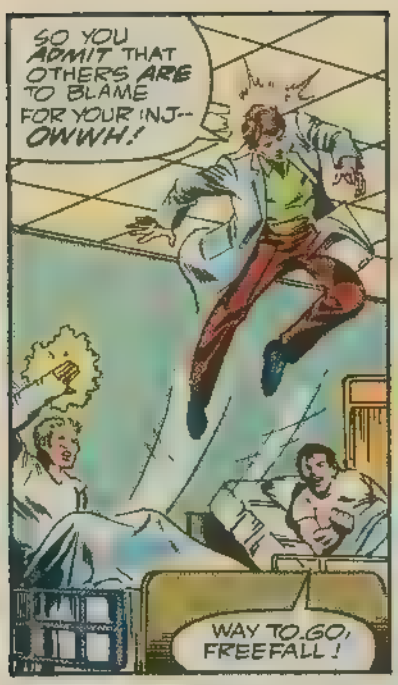
ARTHUR AND RODNEY...HOW ARE WE DOING TODAY?
FINE TILL YOU GOT HERE, DOC PROCTO.
GOOD TO SEE YOU IN BED INSTEAD OF FLOATING ALL OVER THE PLACE.

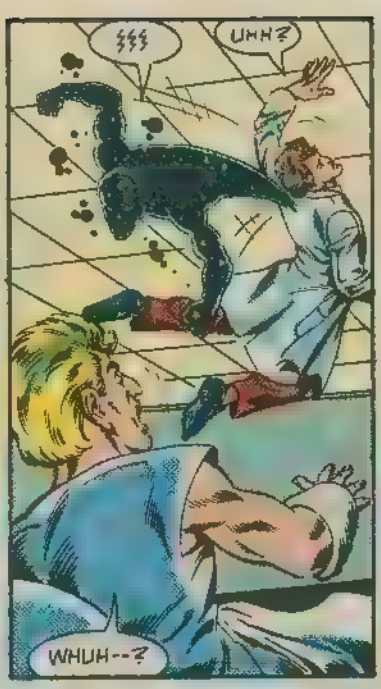

CUT THE CHIT-CHAT AND TELL US WHEN RODDY AN' ME CAN GET OUTTA HERE.
RIBS TAKE A WHILE TO MEND. ANOTHER FEW WEEKS, I SHOULD THINK.
SWELL.
YOU GUYS GIVEN ANY THOUGHT TO COMING CLEAN ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

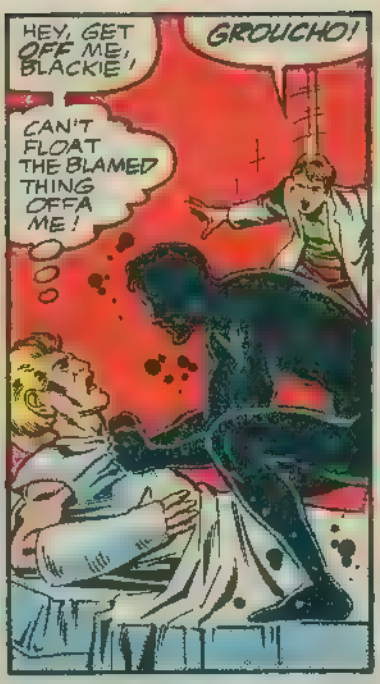
YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ANYONE. WHAT WITH CERTAIN OF YOUR INJURIES, LIKE FROSTBITE, IT'S OBVIOUS "CHILL" WEXLER AND HIS FRIENDS WERE INVOLVED.
WE TOLDJA, DOC. WE FELL DOWN WHILE EATIN' POPSICKLES, THAT'S ALL.
RIGHT.

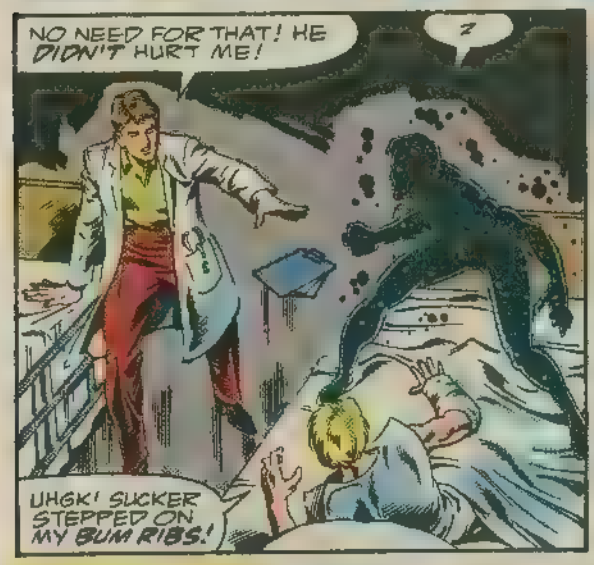
LOOK, IT SERVES NO PURPOSE TO WITHHOLD INFORMATION ABOUT WHO WORKED YOU OVER. DISCIPLINARY ACTION CAN'T BE TAKEN UNLESS YOU PRESS CHARGES.
IS IT THAT YOU TWO ARE AFRAID OF REPRISALS IF YOU--
GET OFF IT, CHUMP!
WE AIN'T 'FRAID OF NOBODY!

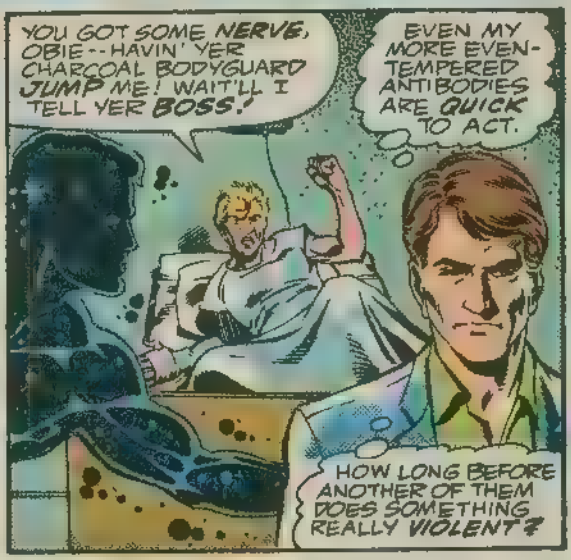
THERE'LL BE PLENNY OF "DISCIPLINARY ACTION" GOIN' DOWN WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR IT.

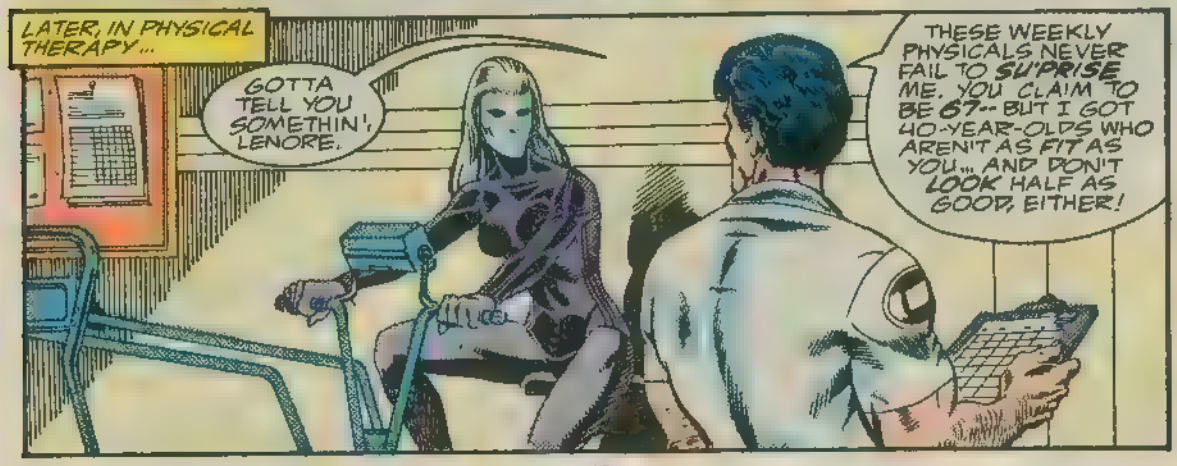

SO YOU ADMIT THAT OTHERS ARE TO BLAME FOR YOUR INJ-- OWWH!
WAY TO GO, FREEFALL!


ŞŞŞ
UHH?
WHUH--?

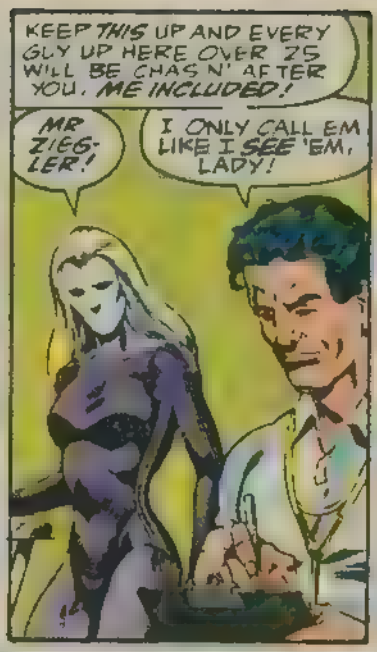

HEY, GET OFF ME, BLACKIE!
GROUCHO!
CAN'T FLOAT THE BLAMED THING OFFA ME!


NO NEED FOR THAT! HE DIDN'T HURT ME!
?
UHGK! SUCKER STEPPED ON MY BUM RIBS!

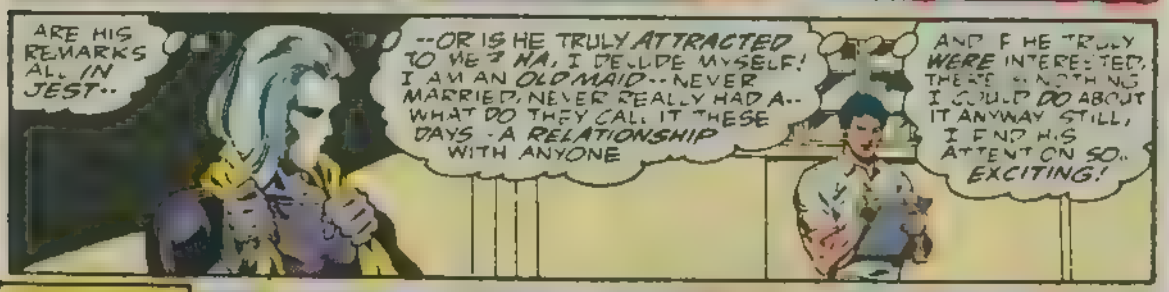

YOU GOT SOME NERVE, OBIE--HAVIN' YER CHARCOAL BODYGUARD JUMP ME! WAIT'LL I TELL YER BOSS!
EVEN MY MORE EVEN-TEMPERED ANTIBODIES ARE QUICK TO ACT.
HOW LONG BEFORE ANOTHER OF THEM DOES SOMETHING REALLY VIOLENT?

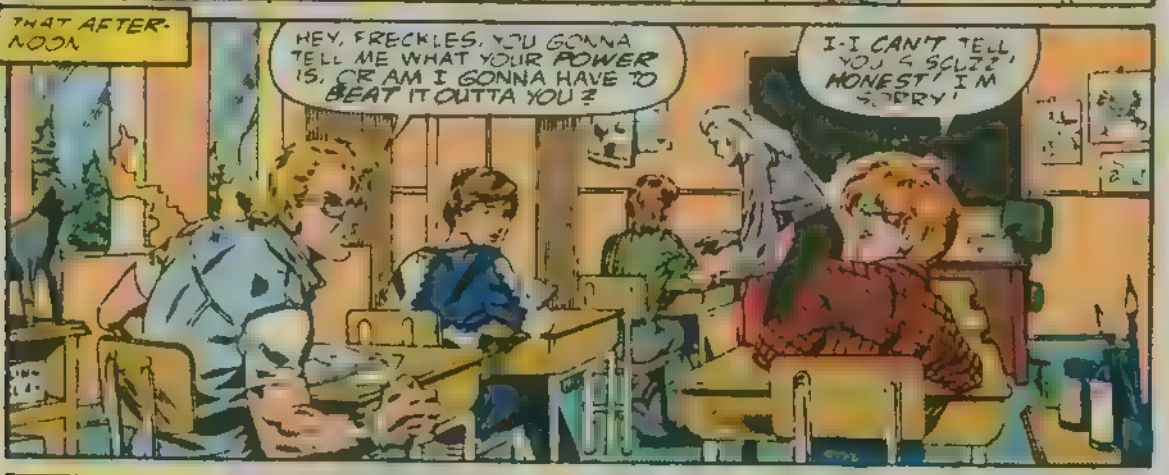

LATER, IN PHYSICAL THERAPY...
GOTTA TELL YOU SOMETHIN', LENORE.
THESE WEEKLY PHYSICALS NEVER FAIL TO SURPRISE ME. YOU CLAIM TO BE 67-- BUT I GOT 40-YEAR-OLDS WHO AREN'T AS FIT AS YOU... AND DON'T LOOK HALF AS GOOD, EITHER!

YOU FLATTER ME MR ZIEGLER!
NO, IT'S TRUE. IT SEEMS LIKE EVERY WEEK YOU'VE MANAGED TO SHED ANOTHER YEAR!


KEEP THIS UP AND EVERY GUY UP HERE OVER 25 WILL BE CHAS'N' AFTER YOU, ME INCLUDED!
MR ZIEGLER!
I ONLY CALL EM LIKE I SEE 'EM, LADY!

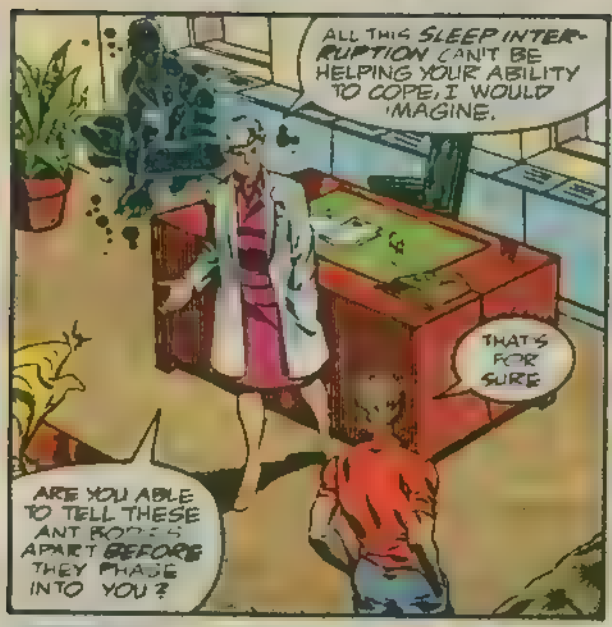
AND SPEAKIN' OF SEEIN' EM, IT'S A SHAME YOU CAN'T LET ANYONE HAVE A LOOK AT YOU THANKS TO YOUR PARABILITY. I'LL BET YOU'RE A REAL LOOKER!
YOU'RE -YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME S.R

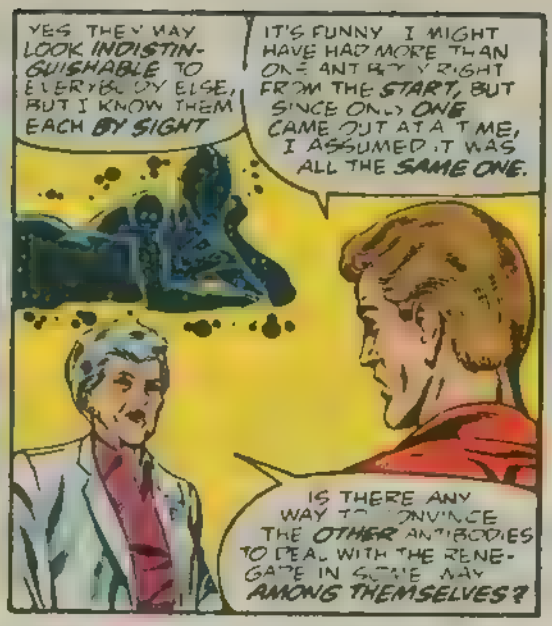

ARE HIS REMARKS ALL IN JEST..
--OR IS HE TRULY ATTRACTED TO ME? HA, I DELUDE MYSELF! I AM AN OLD MAID--NEVER MARRIED, NEVER REALLY HAD A-- WHAT DO THEY CALL IT THESE DAYS -A RELATIONSHIP WITH ANYONE
AND IF HE TRULY WERE INTERESTED, THERE IS NOTHING I COULD DO ABOUT IT ANYWAY STILL, I FIND HIS ATTENTION SO.. EXCITING!

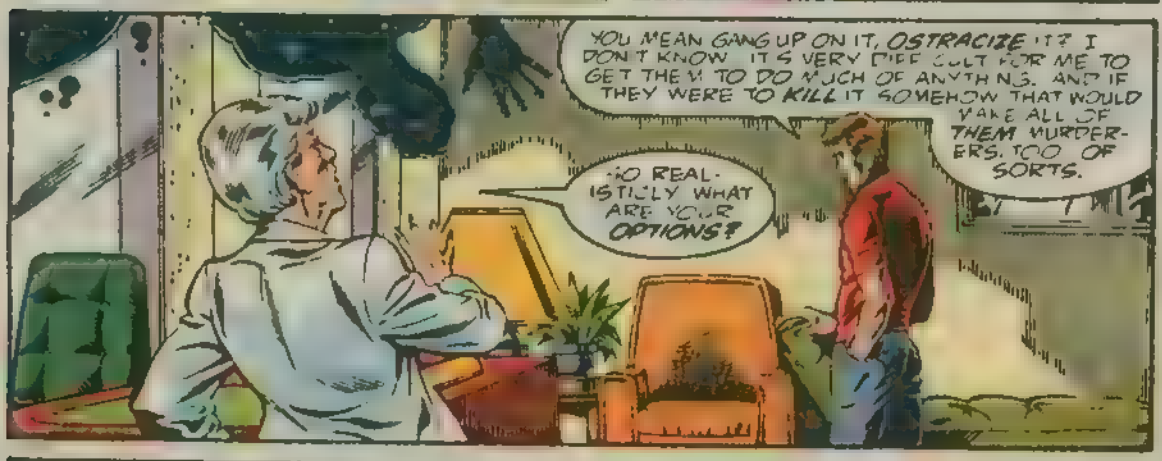

THAT AFTERNOON
HEY, FRECKLES, YOU GONNA TELL ME WHAT YOUR POWER IS, OR AM I GONNA HAVE TO BEAT IT OUTTA YOU?
I-I CAN'T TELL YOU, SCUZZ, HONEST! I'M SORRY!

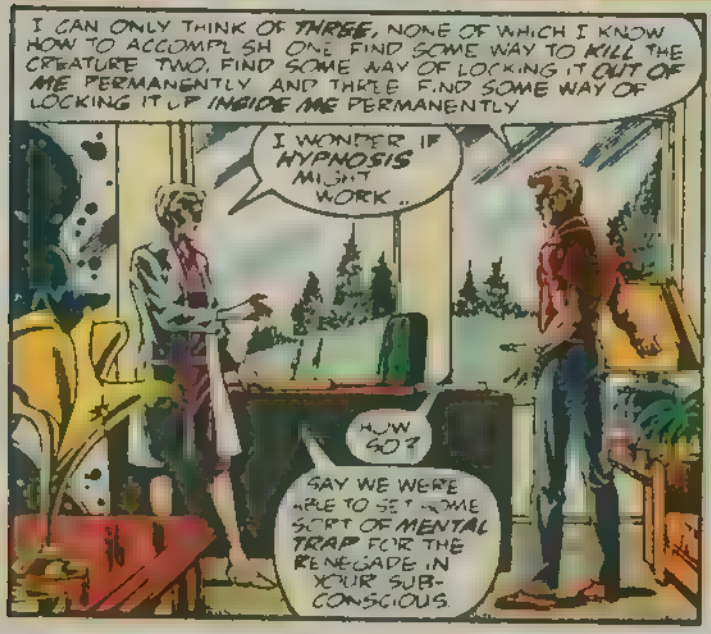
BOYS, STOP YOUR CHATTER AND FINISH YOUR READING ASSIGNMENT!

SEE YOU AFTER CLASS, ALFRED E.!
BUT-- ULP!
SHOOT. I'D LOVE TO BE ABLE TO TAKE ALL THE UNDER-18'S HERE AND FORM OUR OWN GROUP LIKE THE BLACKS DID. BUT THIS CREW IS REALLY HURTING.
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? IF I TELL 'IM I GOT NO POWERS, HE MAY REPORT ME AN' GET ME THROWN OUTTA HERE! GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE A BEATING...
EVAN, YOU'RE NOT READING THE RIGHT ASSIGNMENT.
WELL, I... I DIDN'T FINISH YESTERDAY'S AN' SO I THOUGHT I'D--
SEE ME AFTER CLASS, YOUNG MAN.
YAH- HOO, I HAVE TO STAY AFTER! NOW I WON'T HAVETA GET A BEATING!
TWERP!
ELSEWHERE...
...I FEEL LIKE I'M LOSING IT, DR SEMPLE. LIKE I'M GOING TO CRACK UP IF I DON'T FIND A WAY TO GET RID OF THAT KILLER ANTIBODY SOON.
I'M TRYING TO STARVE IT. JUR'S ZIEGLER HELPED ME DEVELOP CERTAIN VISUALIZATION TECHNIQUES SO I CAN EJECT THE THING WHENEVER I FEEL IT ENTER ME--
--BUT THAT ONLY WORKS WHEN I'M AWAKE. I TRY TO WAKE MYSELF UP EVERY TIME I FEEL IT, BUT--ALL IT DOES IS WAIT UNTIL I'M TOO TIRED TO RESIST IT...

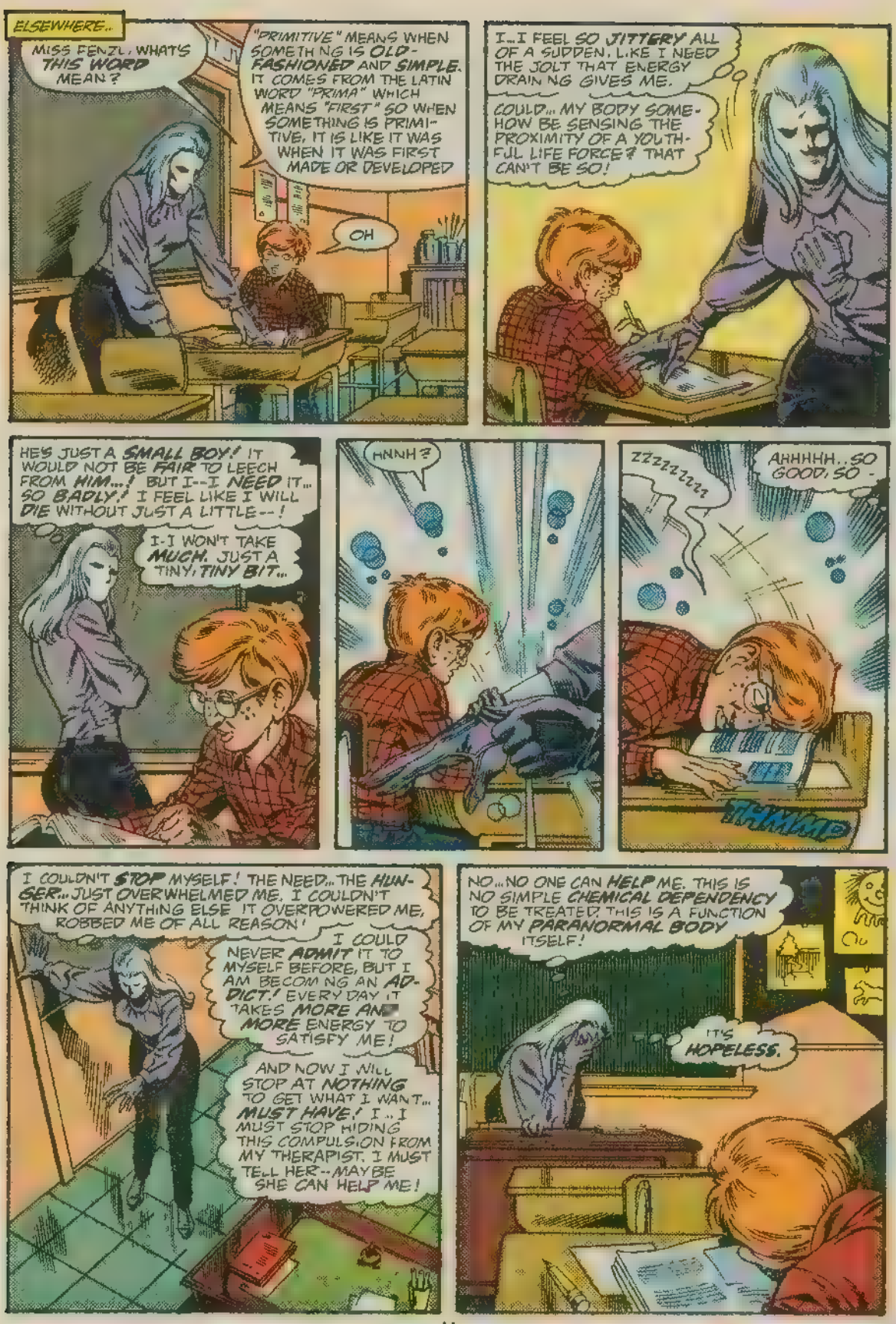

ALL THIS SLEEP INTERRUPTION CAN'T BE HELPING YOUR ABILITY TO COPE, I WOULD IMAGINE.
THAT'S FOR SURE
ARE YOU ABLE TO TELL THESE ANTIBODIES APART BEFORE THEY PHASE INTO YOU?


YES THEY MAY LOOK INDISTINGUISHABLE TO EVERYBODY ELSE, BUT I KNOW THEM EACH BY SIGHT
IT'S FUNNY I MIGHT HAVE HAD MORE THAN ONE ANTIBODY RIGHT FROM THE START, BUT SINCE ONLY ONE CAME OUT AT A TIME, I ASSUMED IT WAS ALL THE SAME ONE.
IS THERE ANY WAY TO CONVINCE THE OTHER ANTIBODIES TO DEAL WITH THE RENEGADE IN SOME WAY AMONG THEMSELVES?

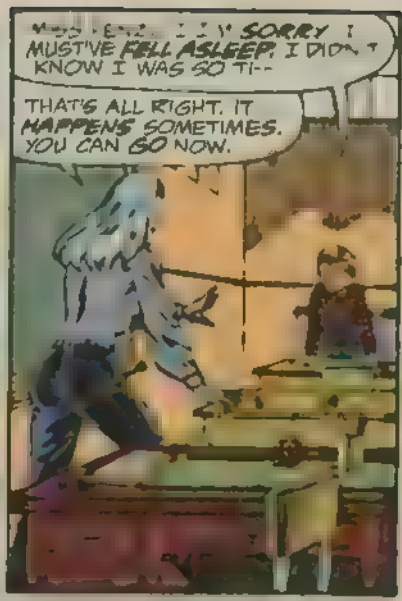

YOU MEAN GANG UP ON IT, OSTRACIZE IT? I DON'T KNOW. IT'S VERY DIFFICULT FOR ME TO GET THEM TO DO MUCH OF ANYTHING. AND IF THEY WERE TO KILL IT SOMEHOW THAT WOULD MAKE ALL OF THEM MURDERERS, TOO OF SORTS.
SO REALISTICLY WHAT ARE YOUR OPTIONS?

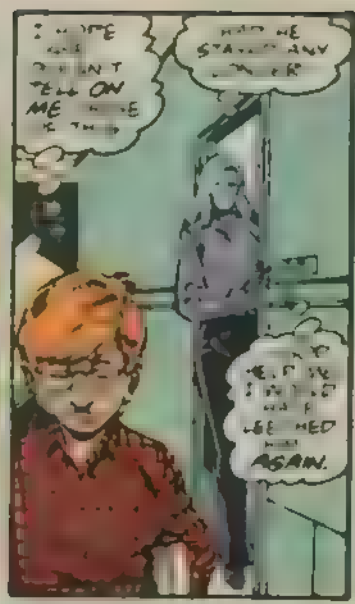

I CAN ONLY THINK OF THREE, NONE OF WHICH I KNOW HOW TO ACCOMPLISH. ONE FIND SOME WAY TO KILL THE CREATURE. TWO, FIND SOME WAY OF LOCKING IT OUT OF ME PERMANENTLY AND THREE FIND SOME WAY OF LOCKING IT UP INSIDE ME PERMANENTLY
I WONDER IF HYPNOSIS MIGHT WORK..
HOW SO?
SAY WE WERE ABLE TO SET SOME SORT OF MENTAL TRAP FOR THE RENEGADE IN YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS.

I'M WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING, DR SEMPLE
ALL RIGHT. I CAN'T PROMISE IT WILL WORK, BUT IT'S CERTAINLY WORTH A TRY.
?


ELSEWHERE..
MISS FENZL, WHAT'S THIS WORD MEAN?
"PRIMITIVE" MEANS WHEN SOMETHING IS OLD-FASHIONED AND SIMPLE. IT COMES FROM THE LATIN WORD "PRIMA" WHICH MEANS "FIRST" SO WHEN SOMETHING IS PRIMITIVE, IT IS LIKE IT WAS WHEN IT WAS FIRST MADE OR DEVELOPED
OH
I...I FEEL SO JITTERY ALL OF A SUDDEN. LIKE I NEED THE JOLT THAT ENERGY DRAINING GIVES ME.
COULD... MY BODY SOMEHOW BE SENSING THE PROXIMITY OF A YOUTHFUL LIFE FORCE? THAT CAN'T BE SO!
HE'S JUST A SMALL BOY! IT WOULD NOT BE FAIR TO LEECH FROM HIM...! BUT I--I NEED IT... SO BADLY! I FEEL LIKE I WILL DIE WITHOUT JUST A LITTLE--!
I-I WON'T TAKE MUCH. JUST A TINY, TINY BIT...
HNNH?
ZZZZZZZZ
AHHHHH..SO GOOD, SO -
I COULDN'T STOP MYSELF! THE NEED... THE HUNGER... JUST OVERWHELMED ME. I COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE. IT OVERPOWERED ME, ROBBED ME OF ALL REASON!
I COULD NEVER ADMIT IT TO MYSELF BEFORE, BUT I AM BECOMING AN ADDICT! EVERY DAY IT TAKES MORE AND MORE ENERGY TO SATISFY ME!
AND NOW I WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET WHAT I WANT... MUST HAVE! I..I MUST STOP HIDING THIS COMPULSION FROM MY THERAPIST. I MUST TELL HER--MAYBE SHE CAN HELP ME!
NO...NO ONE CAN HELP ME. THIS IS NO SIMPLE CHEMICAL DEPENDENCY TO BE TREATED. THIS IS A FUNCTION OF MY PARANORMAL BODY ITSELF!
IT'S HOPELESS.

AN


SORRY I MUST'VE FELL ASLEEP. I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS SO TI--
THAT'S ALL RIGHT. IT HAPPENS SOMETIMES. YOU CAN GO NOW.


ON ME
AGAIN.

HEY! YOU'RE EARLY, NOREY OL' GIRL!
OUTFIT!

"ZONE" YOU
SLEEP
ONLY WAY I CAN

I KNOW
A BAD EFFECT
I CAN'T TELL YOU MUCH MORE THAN THAT

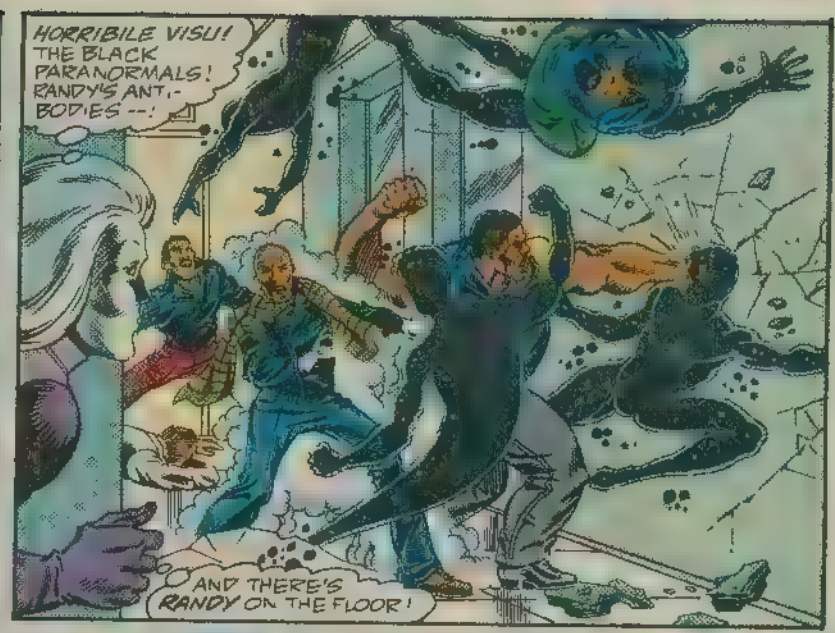
THANKS
ANY AT THIS HOUR
TONIGHT

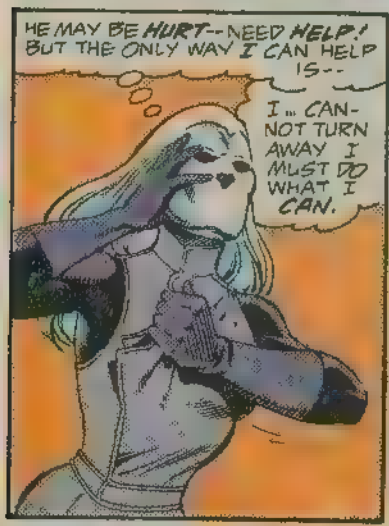
I REALIZE WHAT SHORT NOTICE THIS IS, SLEEPY
IF YOU'D LIKE, I'LL DO IT FOR YOU ONE LAST TIME.
WELL, IF IT'S NOT GOING TO HURT YOU ANY
I MANAGED TO STOP MYSELF FROM TAKING AS MUCH ENERGY AS I CRAVED...
...BUT IT HURTS SO MUCH.
I'VE GOT TO WALK AWAY... BEFORE I GO BACK FOR MORE!
THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I WILL EVER FEED! I MUST MASTER THE BEAST I'VE BECOME!
ELSEWHERE ON THE GANG'S FLOOR
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THE EMPIRE SPECIALLY FOR THE HYPNOTISM THING. HER BEST SHOT AT CONTROLLING THE REST OF HER AFTERNOONS APPEARS TO WORK ON MY SUBCONSCIOUS...
REMAINS TO BE SEEN IF ONE INTERVIEW SESSION WILL DO ANY GOOD!
BUT WITH ANY OH, NO! THE BLACK POWERS PROVIDED I GET BACK INTO THE ELEVATOR AND LET THEM KNOW THEY INTIMIDATE ME OR...
WELL, LOOKY HERE
BAD BOYS, BAD BOYS
IF IT AIN'T DOC HOT-SHOT.
EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT
WE HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN HOW YOU AND YOUR DEMONS MESSED WITH US MAN!
LAST SCENE
BUT WE'RE ALLOWING YOU SLIDE, SEEING HOW YOU'RE FROM A MUSS AND ALL... TILL WE HEAR YOU STARTED AGITATING OUR WOMAN FRICTION AGAIN!
YOU MEAN CHARLY? BUT I HAVEN'T EVEN TALKED TO HER IN AT LEAST A MONTH!
BUT YOU'VE BEEN HAVING YOUR DEMON GO SPY ON HER ALL THE TIME.
WHAT--?

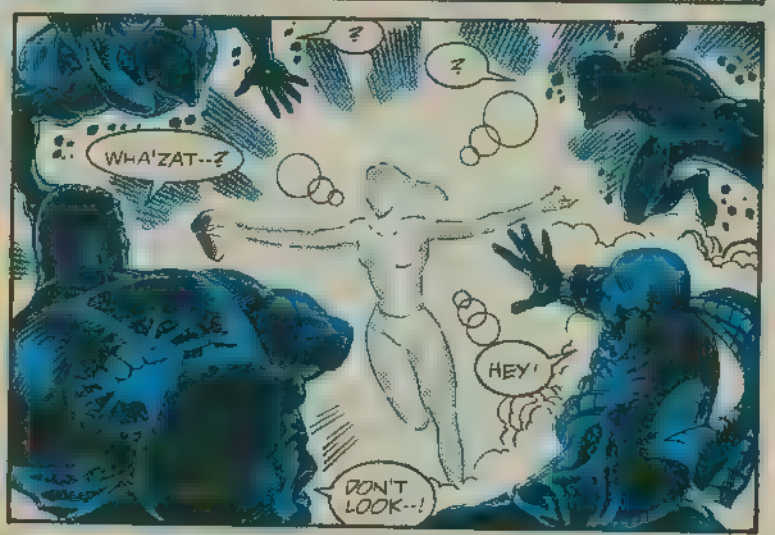
LOOK I DON'T HAVE MUCH CONTROL OVER MY ANTIBODIES ACTIONS. IN FACT, THERE'S ONE OF THEM THAT'S A RENEGADE--IT PURPOSELY DOES THINGS I FIND REPUGNANT!
WHO IS THAT BIG BRUISER? HE MUST HAVE JUST JOINED--!
DON'T TRY TO WITH THAT DOUBLE-TALK JIVE!
YO, BAZOOKA! THIS SODA CRACKER'S CROWDING ME. YOU CAN HAVE HIM!
STOP PLEASE! OR ELSE--!
IS THAT A THREAT I HEAR?
WHOA! THE DEMON!
STAY COOL, STAY COOL! THERE'S ONLY ONE OF 'EM-- FOUR OF US.
I TRIED TO TELL YOU
WHAT TH'--?
LOOK OUT, CHILL THERE'S THREE MORE OF 'EM COMIN'!
WHOK
FLYING TURKEYS AREN'T GOING TO GET OVER ON ME! I'M FADING!
WANT YA TO MEET ONE A' MY BAZOOKA BLASTS, MUDPIE!

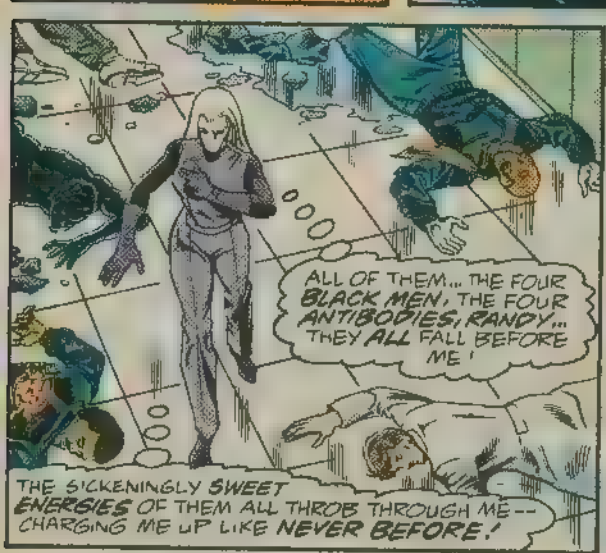
DAG! MISSED--!
I'M SCARED! BUT IF I DON'T PUT UP A FIGHT--
THE BROTHERS WILL THINK I'M WUSSY!
TEACH YOU TO WHOP ME SIDE THE HEAD--
SPLISH
HAVE A DRINK, DEMON!
?
A COLD DRINK - COURTESY OF CHILL!
STOP FIGHTING! HARPO, CHICO ZEPPO, GROUCHO - GO AWAY!
SAY WHAT?
NOBODY EVER SEES BLINDSPOT COME UP ON 'IM TILL IT'S TOO LATE!
WHUK
GOT 'IM! NAILED THE DEMON GOOD
GOT TO STAY AWAKE... OF INT- BODIES W...
WHAP
NO FAIR! I GOT YOU.
WHMP

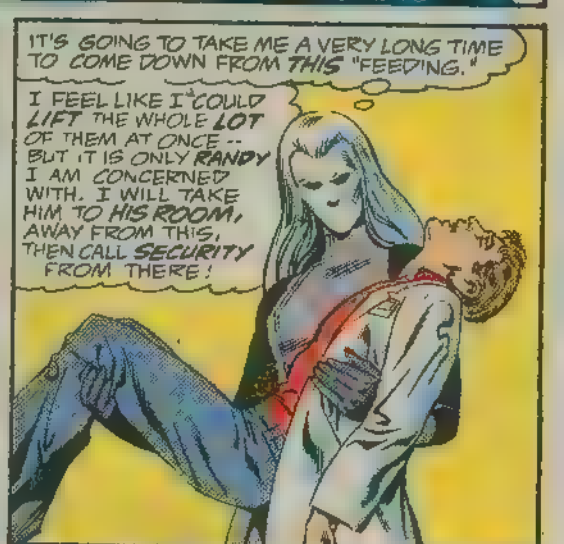
WHAT IN THE WORLD IS ALL THAT COMMOTION?

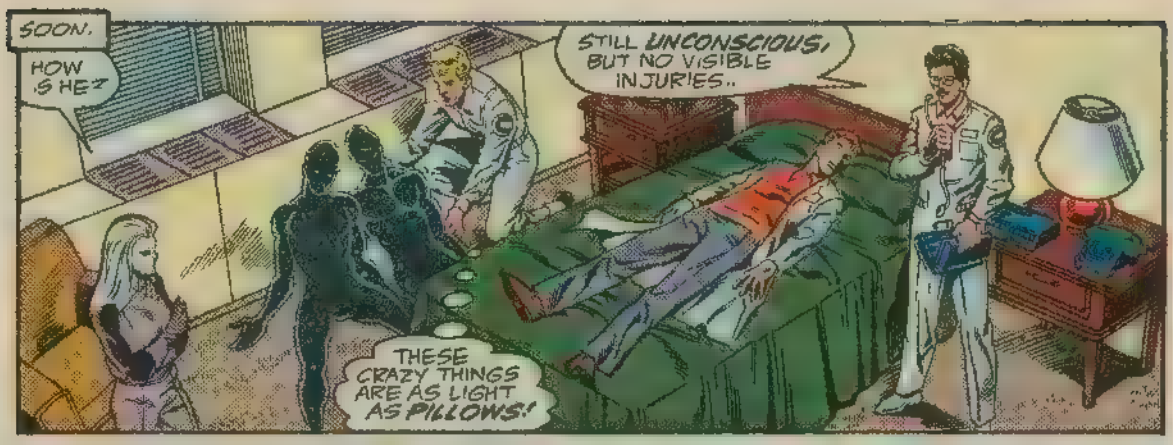

HORRIBILE VISU! THE BLACK PARANORMALS! RANDY'S ANTI-BODIES --!
AND THERE'S RANDY ON THE FLOOR!

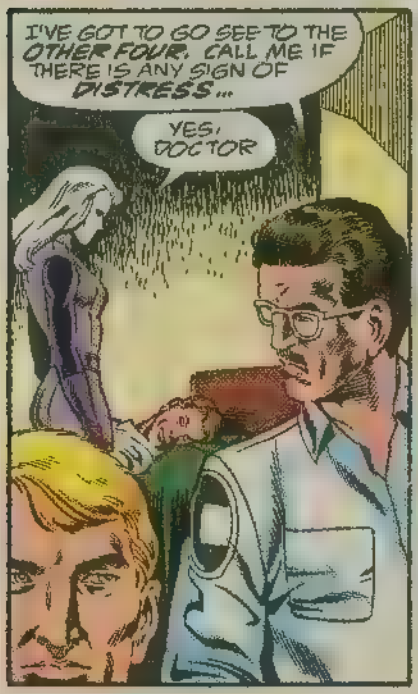

HE MAY BE HURT--NEED HELP! BUT THE ONLY WAY I CAN HELP IS--
I... CANNOT TURN AWAY I MUST DO WHAT I CAN.


?
?
WHA'ZAT--?
HEY!
DON'T LOOK--!

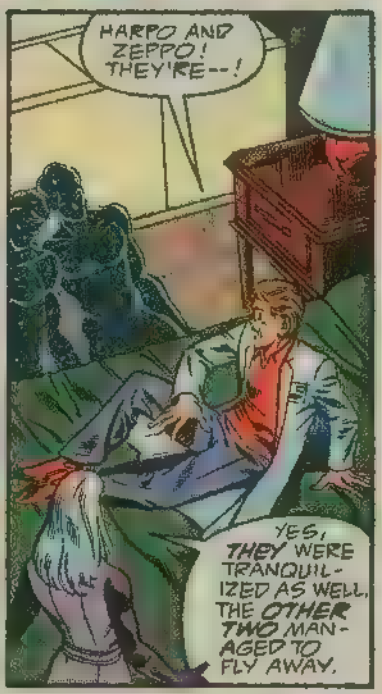

ALL OF THEM... THE FOUR BLACK MEN, THE FOUR ANTIBODIES, RANDY... THEY ALL FALL BEFORE ME!
THE SICKENINGLY SWEET ENERGIES OF THEM ALL THROB THROUGH ME -- CHARGING ME UP LIKE NEVER BEFORE!

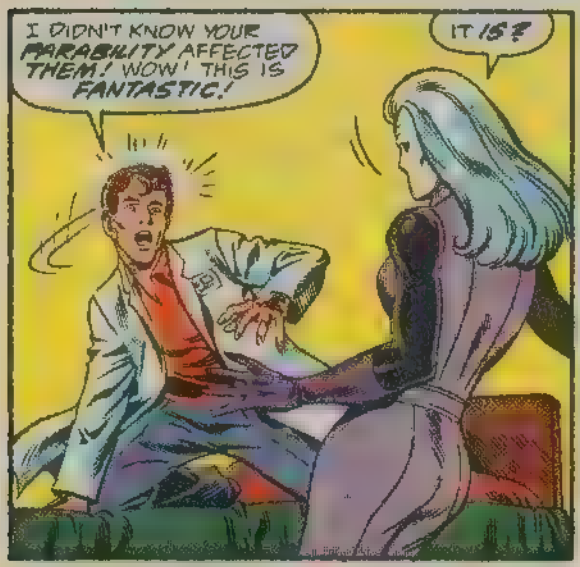

IT'S GOING TO TAKE ME A VERY LONG TIME TO COME DOWN FROM THIS "FEEDING."
I FEEL LIKE I COULD LIFT THE WHOLE LOT OF THEM AT ONCE -- BUT IT IS ONLY RANDY I AM CONCERNED WITH. I WILL TAKE HIM TO HIS ROOM, AWAY FROM THIS, THEN CALL SECURITY FROM THERE!

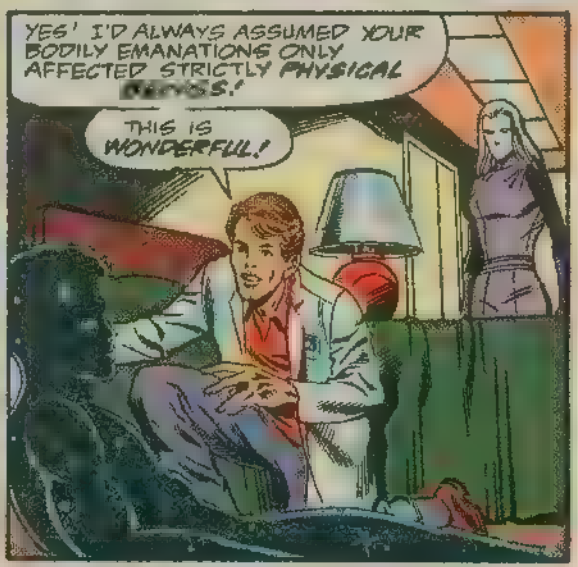

SOON.
HOW IS HE?
STILL UNCONSCIOUS, BUT NO VISIBLE INJURIES..
THESE CRAZY THINGS ARE AS LIGHT AS PILLOWS!


I'VE GOT TO GO SEE TO THE OTHER FOUR. CALL ME IF THERE IS ANY SIGN OF DISTRESS...
YES, DOCTOR

NNNHH, WHA--?
THANK GOODNESS!
LENORE? WHAT ARE YOU--? LAST I KNEW...
I CAME UPON YOU AND YOUR BROOD FIGHTING! I TRANQUILIZED EVERYONE -- YOU, TOO, UNFORTUNATELY.


HARPO AND ZEPPO! THEY'RE--!
YES, THEY WERE TRANQUILIZED AS WELL. THE OTHER TWO MANAGED TO FLY AWAY.

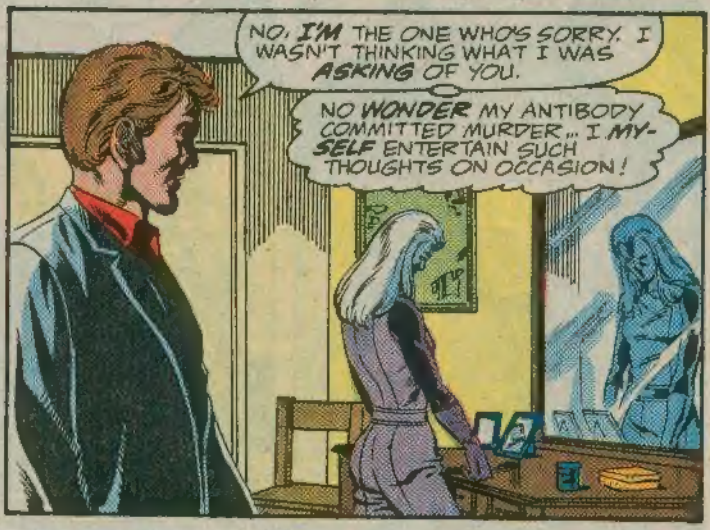

I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR PARABILITY AFFECTED THEM! WOW! THIS IS FANTASTIC!
IT IS?

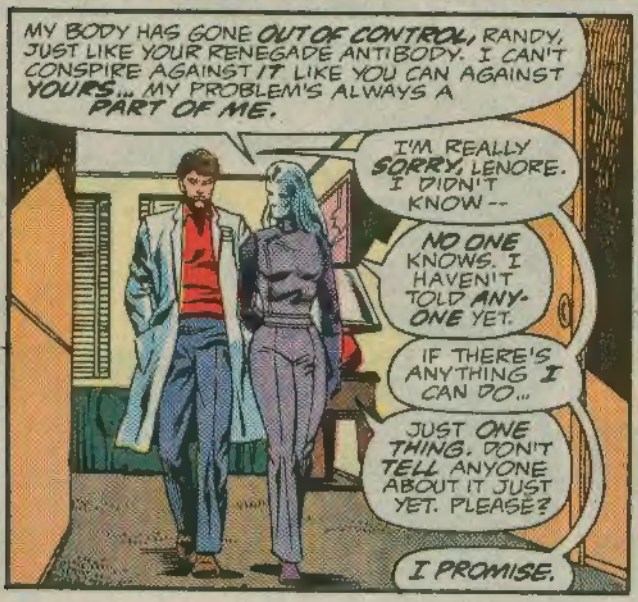

YES! I'D ALWAYS ASSUMED YOUR BODILY EMANATIONS ONLY AFFECTED STRICTLY PHYSICAL BODIES!
THIS IS WONDERFUL!

FOR MONTHS -- EVER SINCE MY FIFTH ANTIBODY KILLED DEXTER CHARNE, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET RID OF IT. YOU COULD TRANQUILIZE IT LIKE YOU DID TO THESE TWO...
...THEN I COULD FIND SOME WAY TO DESTROY IT.
I'M SORRY, RANDY, BUT I ...DON'T THINK I COULD HELP YOU WITH THAT.
I WOULDN'T KNOW JUST HOW MUCH ENERGY TO USE TO TRANQUILIZE IT. AND IF I WERE TO KILL THE THING--

I WOULDN'T MIND A BIT! WHAT HAPPENS TO THESE ANTIBODIES DOESN'T AFFECT ME AT ALL! SEE, THEY'RE SLEEPING-- I'M AWAKE!

BUT IT WOULD AFFECT ME! DON'T YOU SEE THAT? IF I WERE TO KILL IT, I'D-- I'D--!
I'M SORRY, BUT I'M REALLY HAVING A HARD TIME WITH MY... MY PARA-BILITY...


NO, I'M THE ONE WHO'S SORRY. I WASN'T THINKING WHAT I WAS ASKING OF YOU.
NO WONDER MY ANTIBODY COMMITTED MURDER... I MYSELF ENTERTAIN SUCH THOUGHTS ON OCCASION!

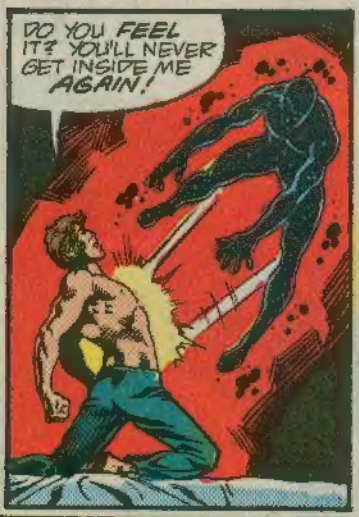

MY BODY HAS GONE OUT OF CONTROL, RANDY, JUST LIKE YOUR RENEGADE ANTIBODY. I CAN'T CONSPIRE AGAINST IT LIKE YOU CAN AGAINST YOURS... MY PROBLEM'S ALWAYS A PART OF ME.
I'M REALLY SORRY, LENORE. I DIDN'T KNOW--
NO ONE KNOWS. I HAVEN'T TOLD ANYONE YET.
IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO...
JUST ONE THING. DON'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT IT JUST YET. PLEASE?
I PROMISE.

OH, LENORE... THANKS FOR HELPING ME AGAINST THOSE BULLIES. IN LIGHT OF WHAT YOU TOLD ME, I IMAGINE IT WAS... UNPLEASANT.
YES. GOOD NIGHT.

THAT NIGHT...

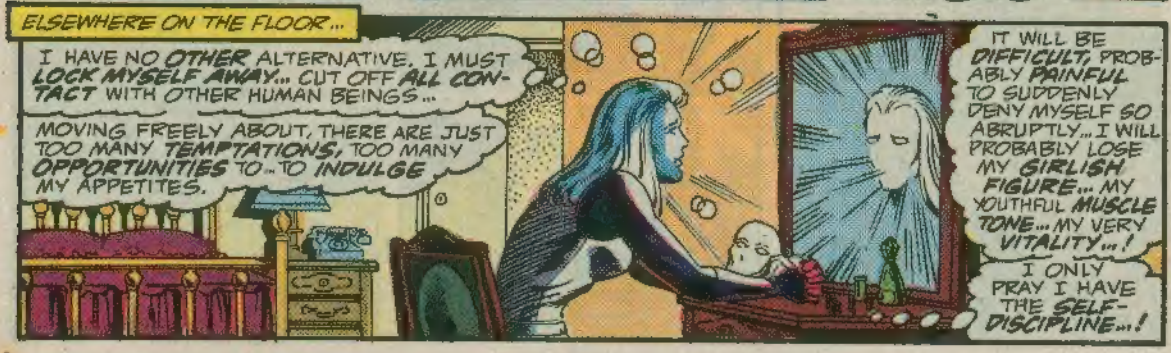
HA! YOU CAN'T GET IN, KILLER!
!

I'VE ERECTED A BARRIER IN MY SUB-CONSCIOUS!


DO YOU FEEL IT? YOU'LL NEVER GET INSIDE ME AGAIN!

WE'VE EXPELLED YOU FROM OUR GROUP! NOW GET LOST!

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE DR. SEMPLE'S HYPNOTISM DID THE TRICK... AT LEAST FOR NOW.
I JUST HOPE THAT MY DENIAL OF ACCESS DOESN'T DRIVE THE RENEGADE TOTALLY OFF THE DEEP END!


ELSEWHERE ON THE FLOOR...
I HAVE NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE. I MUST LOCK MYSELF AWAY... CUT OFF ALL CONTACT WITH OTHER HUMAN BEINGS...
MOVING FREELY ABOUT, THERE ARE JUST TOO MANY TEMPTATIONS, TOO MANY OPPORTUNITIES TO... TO INDULGE MY APPETITES.
IT WILL BE DIFFICULT, PROBABLY PAINFUL TO SUDDENLY DENY MYSELF SO ABRUPTLY... I WILL PROBABLY LOSE MY GIRLISH FIGURE... MY YOUTHFUL MUSCLE TONE... MY VERY VITALITY...!
I ONLY PRAY I HAVE THE SELF-DISCIPLINE...!

IF ONLY... IF ONLY I COULD HAVE REALLY ENJOYED MY SECOND CHANCE AT YOUTH BEFORE GIVING IT UP! SUCH A FOOLISH THOUGHT! I AM DESTINED TO GO TO MY GRAVE WITHOUT EVER KNOWING A MAN'S... LOVING EMBRACE...
UNLESS...
WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE...?
DARE I EVEN HOPE--?
MR. ZIEGLER? THIS IS LENORE FENZL IN ROOM 321. I'M VERY SORRY TO BOTHER YOU AT THIS LATE HOUR, BUT I JUST HAD AN IDEA THAT CANNOT WAIT UNTIL MORNING.
DO YOU THINK YOU COULD STOP BY THE ARTS AND CRAFTS ROOM AND BRING ME SOME NON-TOXIC PAINT?
WHY? BECAUSE I'D LIKE YOU TO PAINT MY BODY WITH IT.
STILL ELSEWHERE ON THE SAME FLOOR...
HUH? WOW, SHADOWMAN, YOU CAME BACK!
PLEASE DON'T RUN AWAY! I WON'T HURT YOU. I JUST WANT TO TALK AND STUFF.
SAY, YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT, KINDA FUZZY 'ROUND THE EDGES. I THINK YOU NEED SOME REST.
YOU CAN REST IN ME IF YOU WANT.
THE END...FOR NOW.

Editor-Howard Mackie Assistant Editor-Joanne Spaldo
MARVEL COMICS GROUP—387 Park Avenue South—New York, New York—10016
Attention correspondents: if you don't want your full address printed, please be sure to tell us so!

Dear Marvel

Avant gardism. Family drama. American violence. Suspense. Tense, hard hitting and gripping melodrama. I love it! Real life super-powered people! D.P. 7 #7 had it all. As of this issue, I now see truly for the first time how much potential this book has. With Paul Ryan's beautifully detailed and realistically drawn layouts complementing gripping and highly entertaining story telling, this book has nowhere to go but up. Realistic characterizations have made this book so darn likable. D.P. 7 just keeps getting better and better.

David Landers has become an easy to understand, likable individual who anyone can sympathize with. Like a lot of menfolks, he's a boy on the inside, a big men with a gentle heart. Now that Scuzz, Dave and Randy have become somewhat better known to us, explore and "expose" your other four team members. Especially the very likable Charly and the mysterious Lenore.

By the way, I like the one word titled stories. Keep that going for at least a while longer please. Oh yes, and any chance of a D.P. 7/PSI-FORCE crossover? Thanks for reading, guys!

R.L. Nichols
3710 Zimmerman Rd.
Erie, PA 16510

And thanks for writing, R.L. The current PSI-FORCE features a handful of our dashing D.Ps, while next issue a Psi-Forcer joins Scuzz's gang of teenage paranormals, the *DD Teens*! That's not quite a full-scale team-to-team encounter, but we think you're going to find them . . . interesting. Let us know!

Dear Marvel:

Seven is considered the lucky number, and since seven is a very appropriate number for this series, I decided to finally send in a letter for the seventh issue.

D.P. 7 *should* be one of the best New Universe titles. One of the reasons being that it is the only N.U. title to hold on to its original creative team for all seven issues. But D.P. 7 is *not* the best, because there are a couple of things going on that defy the intended "realness" of the New Universe.

First thing, Jeff Walters. Believing that there can be somebody "whose body is in a constant state of motion" is at least easier than believing in "Pym particles", but it's still awfully hard to swallow. What's happening to his inner organs? Think hard about the fluid in the semicircular canals of the inner ear. And the vocal chords. Jeff must sound like he's talking through a Toastmaster box fan. Jeff's food-stealing scenes are *totally* unbelievable.

Another thing that defies what had been said about the N.U. being real is the passage of time. This issue, Charly says that it has only been six weeks since they escaped. These guys are still in the Marvel Time Zone! I know that it was said time will flow a little bit differently for each title, so you do have an out in that regard, but you also said that after a year of reading time has passed, a year will have passed for the characters as well. You have a *lot* of catching up to do, and I intend to hold you to the idea that issue #13 will show these characters celebrating the first anniversary of their break-out.

And finally, the instant super hero type teamwork the paranormals exhibited in the first couple of issues disturbed me. Remember when the Clinic in-house security guards came buzzing around the corner with their guns? Charly instantly slipped them up, Dave took a couple of tranquilizer darts to protect Stephanie, and Lenore froze (froze?) the goons with her powers—even striking a threatening pose to do so (exactly the kind of behavior one could expect from a retired Latin teacher).

Actually, these are only *minor* points giving only slight flaws to an otherwise fascinating set of characters. Our paranormals rank right up there with the X-Men and Alpha Flight for the inherent interest that comes from simply getting to know them. And Stephanie has to equal Ken Connell as one of the most multi-faceted characters that can be seen in a comic book. The scenes in this issue with her, her children, and Lenore were very engrossing — very *real*, her love for her children, her selfishness, her ambivalence to Chuck. And please don't let Chuck disappear — he's a very important part of this cast, also.

A lot of the credit for the excitement I feel for the characterization in this series is due to Paul Ryan. There aren't many penciliers who can do such a consistently good job of portraying the characters' emotions in their facial expressions, and yet never let it become redundant or exaggerated. And he's always visually dynamic, as well. Face it, this guy is one of the *best*.

Anyway, I'll just close by saying keep up the good work. You and the rest of Marvel will be hearing from me soon.

Mark E. Duntap
16 Kingston Ct.
St. Charles, MO 63303

We agree with you, Mark, that Paul Ryan is one incredible artist, giving our paranormals a specific, consistent, and emotion-rich look that any other artist would be hard-pressed to match. Not only that, he's a swell guy. Read all about him in this month's Universe news.

As for the real time business, you'll be happy to know that the D.Ps did celebrate their one year anniversary of escaping the Clinic sometime in the several month gap between issues #13 and #14. Okay, so we didn't do it by issue #13. So sue us!

Dear Ralph,

Issue #9 of D.P. 7 was good, while the series as a whole is a lost cause. Actually, the last half of that sentence seems far more bitter than it should, but before I give my reasons for it coming out that way, I would like to give my reason on why "Dream" was good.

It wasn't because Randy is being led by the Clinic to think his adventures were dreams. It was because Mark Gruenwald had him have dreams (or "dream memories") while in a controlled dream state that did the trick.

However, no bag of tricks can save what's wrong with D.P. 7 and JUSTICE (which are the only New Universe titles I buy). Remember how we were told it would be? A universe just like our own. With just a few fantastic things occurring due to the "White Event". So with those two statements in mind, could someone try to explain why the Clinic is so well established after the "White Event"? Or how the villains in JUSTICE could have been setting up shop for the past 17 years?

Here's another New Universe promise. That the stories and the characters would live in real time. Since the books were monthly, then each issue would tell of that month's adventures. Now I will admit that the current type of story line in D.P. 7 would be bad under that rule, yet this story seems to have been stuck in Fall for a long time.

The potential of what D.P. 7 could have been, was realized only twice in its short life. Issues #4 and 5 have the proper feeling of extraordinary people trying to assimilate among normal people. But then it's back to the average comic formula.

I think what bothers me the most about D.P. 7 is that it comes across as a second class X-MEN book. Hunted by the Clinic, feared by other people, I await the coming of the Sentinels.

What makes all of the New Universe hubbub silly, is the relationship or lack thereof between the New Universe and the Marvel Universe. In MARVEL AGE for example, when a reader asked if the "White Event" in the New Universe was caused by the death of the Beyonder, the response was a firm no and that there wasn't any connection between the two. Yet in the latest edition of the HANDBOOK TO THE MARVEL UNIVERSE, it's stated that the Beyonder's death caused the creation of a new universe. This type of double-speak one expects from the White House, not the House of Ideas.

The true shame in all of this is that the various members of D.P. 7 are interesting and varied. If the Clinic story line had been toned down or dropped, and these people tried to live amongst normal people without showing off their new abilities, it would have been different. It would have been new. It would have been good, if not great.

Hurricane Heeran
16908 Sherman Way #5
Van Nuys, CA 91406

We'd like to respond to a few of the points you bring up, Mr. H, if we may. (It's our letters page, so why not?). 1. The Clinic's establishment since the White Event in late July 1986: As shown in D.P. 7 #12, the Clinic was a former sanitarium converted into a research institute for paranormals by Voigt and Charne mere weeks after the W.E. occurred. We figure it had its first patients a few weeks after that, and that the events of D.P. 7 #1 occur in late September through mid-October. Sounds reasonable to us. 2. Justice's "17 years" assertion: See JUSTICE #15 for the truth behind that and other characters and events in that series. You'll be surprised. 3. Time passage in these pages: see the Question of the Month a few New Universe pages ago. 4. The origin of the White Event: No, *really*, it wasn't the Beyonder. MARVEL UNIVERSE does indeed report his death caused the creation of a new universe, but it wasn't *the* New Universe. See STARBRAND #12 for the lowdown on the New U's genesis point. 5. The Clinic story line: as you can see, it's not been dropped, it's intensified. We still think we're doing things no other group book has ever done, though it's not along the lines you would apparently prefer. Let us know if you agree. Finally, thanks for writing . . . we love tackling the hard questions!